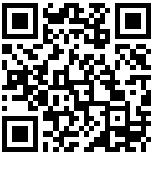
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# LILIES OF ETERNAL PEACE

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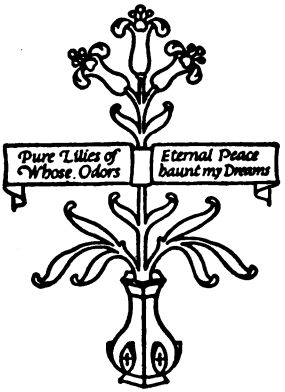
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# LILIES
## OF ETERNAL PEACE

BY

LILIAN WHITING

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL"




NEW YORK

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.

PUBLISHERS

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TO

CONSTANTIA A. ELLICOTT

WHO SHARED ALL THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE AND LOVE AND NOBLE PURPOSES AND UPLIFTING WORK OF HER HUSBAND THE LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER WHOSE INFLUENCE FROM THE "LIFE MORE ABUNDANT" ON WHICH HE HAS ENTERED STILL ENFOLDS HER WITH ITS RADIANT POWER THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED WITH THE DEVOTION OF

LILIAN WHITING

*Rome, Italy*
*Mid-Winter Days*, 1908

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*Now thy world is understood,*
*Now the long, long wonder ends;*
*Yet ye weep, my erring friends,*
*While the man whom ye call "dead"*
*In unspoken bliss, instead,*
*Lives and loves you: . . .*
. . . . . .
*But in light ye cannot see*
*Of unfulfilled felicity,*
*In enlarging Paradise*
*Lives a life that never dies.*

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

*I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.*

*Let us import new values of power and blessing from the unseen world of realities.* REV. DR. CHARLES GORDON AMES

*Is to-day nothing? Is the beginningless past nothing? If the future is nothing, they are just as surely nothing. . . .*
. . . . . .
*. . . There is nothing but immortality! That the exquisite scheme is for it! And identity is for it! and life and materials are altogether for it!* WALT WHITMAN *in "To Think of Time"*

*With what body do they come? . . . It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. . . . It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. . . . Therefore, be ye steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, inasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.* I CORINTHIANS, XV. 35, 43, 44, 58

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# LILIES OF ETERNAL PEACE

*I muse on joy that will not cease,*
*Pure spaces clothed in living beams,*
*Pure lilies of eternal peace*
*Whose odors haunt my dreams.* TENNYSON

*Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.* ST. JOHN, xiv. 27.

THAT interlude when the one who is nearest and most beloved has gone on into the "life more abundant" is, when seen aright, a beautiful period, full of divine uplifting, and it may even be pervaded by joy and by that peace which passeth understanding. Does it seem impossible to think of joy in any relation to a period which is to us all a time that seems so steeped in sadness that one even wonders that life can go on at all? Almost universally it is the time when one turns away from sunshine and light and bloom; a time when all that makes for the beauty and gladness of life thrills with pain every nerve and fibre. To think of the possibility of joy without the most profound realiza-



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tion of the loss and the sadness, without the most tender sympathy for what seems an utter effacement of even a hope in the future, would be unendurable. The husband or wife to whom all the years to come seem blank and meaningless; the parent bereft of the child in whose opening life was centred all the noble significance of achievement and exquisite experiences; the child left desolate without the parent; the friend from whom the one who gave that one supreme gift and grace of life, sympathetic companionship, has been taken—in all these sweet relations of our human life comes this event we call death. Its sorrow is universal. Its desolation and undoing make the experience common to all.

The assumption that this grief is to be approached lightly is outside the pale of humanity,—not to say comprehension and sympathy; but just because the sorrow is so entirely a part of every life, sooner or later, may we not hold sweet communion regarding it in the larger sense and more profound realization of the divine love?



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And is not one of the first and the chief consolations, the fact that this grief, however intense in its pain, is, even at the worst, only a temporary one; that reunion is only a question of time, and that "where Christ brings His cross He brings His presence;" that in infinite sorrow one comes so near the Infinite Love? Even if it were true that between the Seen and the Unseen there is an impenetrable barrier; if it were true that thought and love were inexorably limited so that they might not meet in the realm of spirit,—even then the sorrow would not be hopeless, for the present life has its definite limit. We know that, humanly speaking, sometime within a hundred years from our entering into the physical world we shall pass out of it. Even were life in this physical environment exclusively restricted to the physical limit, we must realize that it is full of significance, of dignity, of opportunity. It is a period rich in privileges. So, if one could for a moment imagine an absolute and impassable barrier between the two conditions of life in the



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Seen and in the Unseen; one which made impossible any communion of spirit to spirit, whether in or out of the body,—even then life would have its duties, its dignities, its hopes, its convictions. Even then it would have that one supreme reliance—faith in God; and with that, life is rich, no matter how desolate of all other blessings it may be. For supremely above all mortal change, or loss, or disaster, rises the rich assurance of the Eternal Goodness; the infinite and tender love of Jesus, the Christ; the overwhelming reality and importance of the Christian life. The deepest experience must always lift the soul to God with renewed consecration. Faith in God and immortality is our richest heritage.

The reunion, however, is one of the eternal truths. Every man knows that there is a rather definite limit of time beyond which he cannot reasonably expect to remain in the physical world; so instead of regarding this interlude only as a period of gloom, of sadness,—of enforced heroic endurance, even at the best,—shall



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he not recognize the heavenly radiance that shines through, and find in it a marvellous uplifting to undreamed-of joy and peace? The process of change which we call death is not an evil. Nothing disastrous has occurred to the friend who has gone from the physical into the ethereal realm.

It is often stated that "the soul exists as a real entity independent of the body," but this phrasing is not quite clear. As well say that mental processes exist independently of one's clothing. So they do, but this is only a fragment of the truth. The mental processes are included in the man himself whose existence is apart from his apparel. It is the spiritual man, with his soul and his mind,—his spiritual and intellectual faculties,—that exists independently of the physical form. Externally, the spirit-body, or the body of the spiritual man, corresponds to the physical body. Or, rather, as the spiritual body is the real, the fundamental, it should be said that the physical body corresponds to the spiritual. "There is a natural body,



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and there is a spiritual body," says St. Paul. He does not phrase this as in the future but in the present tense. Primarily we are all, here and now, spiritual beings, and the spiritual body is clothed upon with the physical body, in order that man may come into relations of activity with the physical world. The present body is his instrument. It is the temple, the dwelling-place, of the spiritual man. Death is that change of condition that deprives him of the means of relations with the physical and enables him to come into relations with the ethereal forces of the ethereal realm which interpenetrates that realm in which we live. This ethereal world is that of higher potencies. It is the theatre of more intense and subtle energy. The entrance on its experiences is simply a step in evolutionary progress. "Death is not the end of life," well said Bishop Phillips Brooks; "it is one event in life." It is the release to a higher and more significant phase of activities. It is the entering on more effective conditions.

"No work begun shall ever pause for



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death," said Robert Browning: for work is in thought and purpose and will, and these powers are of the spiritual man and are not affected by the liberation from the physical body. Monsignor Vaughan, one of the great Catholic prelates of Rome, preaching a series of discourses in the Eternal City during the Lenten season of 1907,—sermons so marvellous in their spiritual uplift that they were heard with the deepest interest by Protestant and Catholic alike,—Monsignor Vaughan, discussing the life after death, emphasized the fact that the physical body is a clog to the spiritual man and fetters and hinders the powers after they reach a certain degree of development; therefore it must be cast off. "Wherever the soul would travel, it can go in the spiritual, or the ethereal body," he pointed out; "but the physical body clogs and restrains it."

To comprehend the true motive of life, in its infinite completeness, a man must realize himself as a spiritual being, temporarily in relations with a physical world



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from which he emerges to the ethereal world in which he dwells, his ethereal body corresponding with the new environment as his physical body corresponded with the environment here. This is the *rationale* of the change we call death,—no evil, no calamity, but a step onward in the vast evolution of progress. When the religion of spirituality interprets to us this change, humanity will come to recognize it as a sacred festival rather than as an occasion of mourning and gloom. The mission of Jesus on earth was to bring life and immortality to light; to teach man that death was no terror, but the transition, instead, into the next higher state of existence. Now as man is, here and now, a spiritual being, as the spiritual body has the same sight, hearing, and all organs of perception and communication and recognition of presence and companionship that the physical body in a cruder form has, by means of the senses, there seems to be every logical and scientific reason to believe that this spiritual being, while still clothed upon by



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the physical body, may recognize and hold communion with the spiritual being who has withdrawn from his physical body.

This experience is in no sense phenomenal; it is simply a part of the normal and orderly development of the life of the spirit. The spiritual and the physical realms interpenetrate and are in the most intimate relations. In fact, life itself is one; the change we call death does not break the continuity. The "other life" and the "other world," as we are accustomed to say, bear to this life and this world the same relation in evolutionary progress that the life of childhood bears to that of manhood. In infancy, childhood, or maturity he is the same individual, only at different stages of development. And, as a matter of fact, humanity constantly lives in two worlds to a greater or less degree, because the spiritual man is always an inhabitant of the spiritual world, while the physical man is tethered to the physical world.

It is far from true to regard the twen-



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tieth century as a materialistic age. On the contrary, it is the most idealistic, practically idealistic, that has ever been known. Science discerns the forces in the unseen and harnesses them into daily use. There is, too, an all-pervading consciousness of the larger life and the perpetual advance from the age of faith to the age of love and of knowledge. The only evidences of spirituality of life—its highest points—are love to God and love to man; and truly, if man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? When the Bishop of London visited this country in the autumn of 1907 he preached an ever memorable discourse in Cambridge in which he emphasized three simple truths: "God loves me; God needs me; humanity needs me." Surely these are a golden trio that may well serve as the basis, the enduring foundation of life, on which to build up the superstructure of sympathetic aid and all noble achievement. Science is penetrating into the nature of the universe and surprising the secrets of



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creation. Shall science not also penetrate into the secrets of the very nature and purposes of life? "Our desire to live forever is helped by finding it worth while to live here," says Rev. Dr. Charles Gordon Ames; "and our confidence that we shall live forever is strengthened by our acquiring a kind of life that seems fit to last." Again we find Dr. Ames saying: "What, then, is the spiritual world? It includes this state of things where we live in bodies; it includes also any other possible state in which we can ever live at all; it includes all the low conditions, or hells of darkness and evil into which we may sink; and all the heavens, or glories of light and goodness into which we may rise. In short, it includes all beings who are subject to moral law, who are capable of moral conduct, or who share to any degree the quality of rational being. The spiritual world is that order to which man belongs by virtue of his reason and conscience; it is that whole family of beings who share the Spirit of God."

If, then, by virtue of reason and con-



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science we belong to the spiritual world, it is our responsibility as well as our privilege to live in it now and here. And what is the life of the spirit? It is joy and peace. Out of its atmosphere must be ruled all fret and worry and anxiety. There is always need of wise forethought and due reference to the demands of the future. But these have nothing in common with mere anxieties and worries which are disintegrating and fret away all the pure gold of life. Worry is simply lack of faith in God. "For your heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him." Only in peace of spirit can any true achievement be won.

Man is placed here for the perfecting of his spiritual nature. All social reforms, all national activities, all intellectual progress, are but agencies devoted to furthering better conditions of living. It is most impressive to realize how social reforms are brought about by evolutionary progress in the natural world. For instance, take the tenement-house problem: during the nineteenth century—perhaps before



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—it increasingly impressed humanitarians. Reformers and philanthropists discussed the question; "model" tenements were exhibited at all kinds of expositions and economic gatherings, but one of the chief difficulties that confronted the humanitarian was the nature of the tenants themselves. They might be bodily transferred to the "model" tenement, but there was no known necromancy to transform them into "model" tenants. A bathtub appealed to them as an excellent and admirably convenient receptacle for the coal or for the potatoes; and other conveniences of polite life were equally degraded from their normal usefulness. But at the very zenith of the perplexities that thus sprang up, hydra-headed, to confront the reformer, a new means opened of which he had never dreamed and which was destined to achieve within five years more than he, with all his social-economic genius, had been able to achieve in a century. And that device was the electric trolley. The problem of how to utilize the crowded space of great cities



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was swept away as easily as a cobweb, and in a way undreamed of the problem was solved. The trolley car annihilated distance; a five-cent fare made it as easy to live three, five, ten miles outside the crowded limits as to live within them. All along the route of the trolley lines cheaper orders of apartment houses sprang up, and the workman found himself under new conditions, absolutely. Space and air and sunshine and a glimpse of green grass and waving trees acted upon him far more powerfully than all the exhortations of the reformers. Natural forces stimulated him to better ideals of cleanliness, order, and all that makes for right living. The public schools influenced the children and they brought home to the family life constantly growing, better ideas, habits, and purposes. This one instance is typical of the manner in which the general progress of society, by a species of natural evolution, is carried on. Emerson has said: "Our painful labors are unnecessary; there is a better way."

The world civilization is now project-



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ing itself into the realm of the ethereal forces. Man has harnessed the lightning; he is compelling the vibrations of the ether to carry his messages; he will compel the currents of the air to be his highway of travel. In a paper on "Science—1857-1907," contributed by President Pritchett of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to the November "Atlantic," Dr. Pritchett says of the power of the sun:

"There is one source to which all minds revert when this question is mentioned, a source most promising and yet one which has so far eluded the investigator. The sun on a clear day delivers upon each square yard of the earth's surface the equivalent of approximately two-horse power of mechanical energy working continuously. If even a fraction of this power could be transformed into mechanical or electrical energy and stored, it would do the world's work. Here is power delivered at our very doors without cost. How to store the energy so generously furnished and keep it on tap for future use is the



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problem. That the next half-century will see some solution thereof, either chemical or otherwise, seems likely."

Scientists have discovered that in every square inch of the ether is locked up incalculable power: energy for light, heat, and motor power. It is only a question of time as to when the liberator of these will appear,—the genius and diviner of nature's secrets who will do in this respect that which Marconi has done for the transmission of intelligence through space. For everything, indeed, is being forced to yield up its secrets. What chance has Mars to longer conceal its physical features, its inhabitants and their (apparently) stupendous engineering achievements, with the telescope of Professor Percival Lowell and other American astronomers levelled upon it?

Having conquered the kingdom of the earth by lightning-express trains and motor cars; having conquered the kingdom of the sea by five-day steamers; we are now about to conquer the kingdom of the air by the aerocar, and in Boston has



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been organized the first aero club of New England. The movement is led by Mr. Charles J. Glidden, a famous motor-car tourist, who, in 1902, motored around the world. Mr. Glidden prophesies that aerial transit over the ocean in some sixty hours awaits us in the near future. He says: "The next thing we shall have is cross-Atlantic trips by balloon. An elevation of three miles would bring you to a wind moving, say, fifty miles an hour, and with the aid of that you would make the trip to Europe in about sixty hours. Long distances on land by balloon are already common. Only the other day an aeronaut travelled five hundred miles from Philadelphia to Belchertown. In the recent contest, the Pommern could easily have gone four hundred miles further. Why should n't such trips be made across the Atlantic as well as over land?"

Even the wonderful advance of international peace is believed to be near because promoted by aerial navigation. Admiral Chester outlines the use of the airship in preventing attack from sub-



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marines. From the elevation in the air the movements of all submarine attacks may be detected.

All these phases of progress are advances into the conquest of the higher realm and finer conditions. Sir Oliver Lodge has recently said: "If there is any object worthy the patient and continued attention of humanity, it is surely these great and pressing problems of *whence*, *what*, and *whither* that have occupied the attention of prophet and philosopher since time was. The discovery of a new star, or of a marking on Mars, or of a new element, or of a new extinct animal or plant, is interesting; surely the discovery of a new human faculty is interesting, too. The discovery of telepathy has laid the way open to the discovery of much more. Our aim is nothing less than the investigation and better comprehension of human faculty, human personality, and human destiny."

For it is possible that human destiny shall all be increasingly comprehended. Man belongs to the divine world. He is



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created to be in touch with divine forces. He holds the most close and intimate relation to God. He is a partaker of divine mysteries. God is his father. The world of God is his home. As he leaves this phase of life, he enters on the succeeding one. He carries with him the sum of his achievements here. Death is but the opening of a door through which the man passes into the next room; or, rather, it is the waving of a curtain, behind which one enters, but which is always wavering and never a fixed barrier. The continuity of life renders this change perfectly natural. There is nothing startling in the new experience. It is the natural sequence and outgrowth of the old, as youth is the sequence of childhood, and maturity of youth. It is not the supernatural, the phenomenal, but the natural, the recognizable life, only more highly developed in spirituality.

Nor must we fall into the error of regarding spirituality of life as either an unattainable, or as a merely transcendental quality, unrelated and unrelatable to



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the world in which we now live. Spirituality is the result of the perfecting and the blending of the intellectual and the moral life,—the inflorescence of this combined development. It includes all the essential virtues, only that it transcends them. There is no spiritualization of life possible that is not based on honesty, truth, courtesy, and honor.

"We need the lower life to stand upon
In order to reach up into that higher."

Spirituality is eternal peace; it is poise and serenity and joy and love; it is no mere state of ecstasy attained through fantastic methods, but the legitimate sequence of the life that holds fast to the fundamental virtues. Spirituality of life is an achievement as well as a gift. It is not a mere negation, a sentimental attitude that ignores and eludes all the just claims of the great realities of human existence, but it is intellectual and moral energy raised to the highest degree; it is an absolute persistence in well-doing; it is justice and gentleness; it is consideration and good judgment and discriminating ap-



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preciation and love. Spirituality of life is, indeed, life raised to the highest power. It is no affair of necromancy and of the soothsayers. It is a matter between God and one's own soul. It is in response, not in evasion; it is in meeting and in fulfilling every legitimate duty, not in losing hold on the actualities of life in some dim trance or dream.

The lilies of eternal peace are not, then, to be gathered in the gardens of pleasure or of meaningless dallying; they grow on the highway of noble effort and lofty achievement. But it is not to be taken for granted that this highway is exclusively that of burning ploughshares, or of stones or thorns. On the contrary it is the thoroughfare of "the great thoughts of space and eternity." It is not without profound significance that St. Paul closes his wonderful explanation of the mystery of death in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, by the counsel to be "steadfast, immoveable;" to be "always abounding in the work of the Lord;" and to realize that the labor "is not in vain." For death



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and life are indissolubly linked. Immortality itself is an achievement as well as a gift. If we are immortal, let us be immortal now. Immortality is not conditioned by time. It is not a period chronologically dependent, but it is a quality of the soul, a quality of life; it is the real significance of the present moment; it is the daily, the perpetual experience of "abounding in the work of the Lord." As life deepens, with every succeeding day, in beauty and in meaning, in absolute trust in God and in love to all, it becomes increasingly immortal. This is the life of the spirit, and what power can death hold over spiritual qualities? In a sense we conquer the territory of immortality.

To one from whom the beloved has vanished into the ethereal realm comes the morning awakening when, from the sleep in which, perchance, that sweetest companionship seemed present, one confronts the desolate, empty day, and realizes, anew, that sorrow and loss for which there is neither speech nor language. This



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one day confronts him as unending and unendurable; and then he remembers all the days of all the years that may be his on earth before he, too, can pass the golden portals. It is our common experience, and what word, what hope, what help, can avail? Yet, yet there is hope and comfort. It is tender and near and all-embracing. The "expansion of religion," as Rev. Dr. E. Winchester Donald, the late beloved rector of Trinity Church in Boston, so felicitously phrased it, includes further discoveries of the real nature of man and his relations to the larger life. "The sole condition of the personal possession of religion," said Dr. Donald, "is sensitiveness and responsiveness to the divine." It is in the natural relations under the divine laws that spirit shall respond to spirit, flashing its signals of recognition in a manner that transcends the physical organs and physical contact. If the beloved who has gone on into "the life more abundant" is a spiritual being, so, too, is the one still left on earth; somewhat clogged and imprisoned, it is true, by his physical



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body, but capable of using his spiritual faculties. He may perceive what he cannot see; he may catch, in spirit, messages that never vibrate on the outer ear; he may realize a sense of companionship which is more intimate and sympathetic than that ever experienced when both were on earth. This experience comes, not through miracle or phenomenon, but by means of the spiritual law. Now instead of rising from sleep and confronting the new day in a state of despondency and gloom, one may, instead, rise in newness of life.

"Every day is a fresh beginning;
Every morn is the world made new."

Nothing disastrous has happened. All the change and the events have been in divine order. All things are in God's keeping. If it were not true that the individual life—every individual life—could rely absolutely on the divine care, then would life be meaningless and chaotic and nothing would matter. But that is not true; and the more profound and entire is man's reliance on this personal aid and sustain-



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ing from the divine power, the more he receives this sustaining aid. For even the divine power is conditioned, and trust creates the atmosphere through which it can pass. Even with Jesus, it is said, regarding his sojourn in a certain city, that "He did not many mighty works there *because of their unbelief.*" This was in no sense an arbitrary refusal on His part to do these "mighty works," but simply the impossibility of performing them in an atmosphere of unbelief. It was a non-conductor of spiritual magnetism. This truth holds always in the delicate and subtle mechanism of spiritual aid. What can one man give to another who has no faith in him? The lack of faith makes a gulf, a vacuum, over which no power of the spirit can cross, or through which it can pass. Edith Thomas, in her poem called "The Barrier," suggests this invincible, yet subtle, power against which no love, desire, or sympathy can contend:

"The gate stood wide, and wide the door,
As on a thousand nights before,
And in their wonted threshold tryst



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The lamplight and the moonlight kissed.
The room its welcoming graces wore,
As on a thousand nights before;
The soul of all that mansion bright
Sent out a voice into the night,
As on a thousand nights before.

. . . . . .

"Such silken courses stronger are
Than bolt on bolt, or forgèd bar,
More fell than lance of hedging guard,
Than dragon or the couchant pard;
For these at length a conqueror know,
Or opiate draught or steely blow;
Grown tired of leaguer and delay,
Love can by might put these away,
But Love no cunning weapon hath
To cleave the gossamer's viewless path.

"The gate stood wide, and wide the door,
As on a thousand nights before,
Yet I within can pass no more,
As on a thousand nights before."

The invisible barriers are the most impassable of all. So it is faith, trust, belief in God and in His aid, that renders it possible for the personal aid to be given. But let one lift up his heart. Let him refuse to see the day as one of gloom, or loneliness, or desolation, and hail it with



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gladness as one of unrevealed opportunity and privilege. Let him realize that he, too, is an inhabitant of the spiritual universe, and shares, with all humanity, the privilege of coöperating with God in beneficent work. As a matter of fact that is the one business of man on earth, —to coöperate with the divine power. All the activities of life—commercial, industrial, economic, social, political—should be, in their real nature, this co-operation with the divine power for the advancement of humanity. It is not alone when one is ministering to the helpless that he is coöperating with the purposes of God; but also when he is building railroads across the continent, carrying civilization to new regions, and extending the possibilities of homes and of comfort and happy living; when he is navigating the ocean or the air; when he is inventing new mechanism to serve the human race; when he is enforcing just and wise laws. Every avenue through which the forces that make for nobler living may extend themselves is an avenue



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through which man may coöperate with God. Realizing this, how can any hours be poor or desolate? Every day offers new possibilities for the richness of life; and in proportion as one enters into this illumination and radiance does he transcend the limits of the merely mortal life and live in the eternal, where those who have gone beyond the physical world also live. The communion of spirit with spirit must come from sharing the conditions.

Psychic research has laid its emphasis on the scientific proof of the survival of death. These proofs are overwhelmingly ample and their literature would already constitute a very large library. "If the proofs of the personal survival of death are a delusion, it is the most astounding one in the world's history," says Dr. Corson of Cornell University; "and if it is not a delusion it is impossible to predict its future influence on the destiny of the race. It will revolutionize all the philosophies in the world and all its systems of education. Through it the soul



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is lifted and brought into sympathetic relationship with the soul of things."

There is related of Dante this interesting testimony to the oneness of life between the physical and the ethereal worlds:

"The life of Dante was beset with strange vicissitudes. His house plundered, his writings seized, and himself forced into exile. After his death it was evident to his friends that he had departed either without having completed his 'Divina Commedia,' or that some of the cantos were lost. Diligent search was made, but with no result. A worthy man of Ravenna, whose name was Piero Giardino, and who had long been Dante's disciple, relates that after the eighth month from the day of his master's death there came to his house before dawn Jacobo Dante, who told him that that night his father, Dante, had appeared to him clothed in the whitest garments, and his face resplendent with an extraordinary light; that he, Jacobo, asked him if he lived, and that Dante replied, 'Yes, in the true life, not in our life.'



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Then he, Jacobo, asked him if he had completed his work before passing into the true life; and if he had done so what had become of the part now missing. To this Dante seemed to answer, 'Yes, I finished it,' and then took him, Jacobo, by the hand and led him into the chamber in which he, Dante, had slept, and touching one of the walls he said, 'What you have sought for so much is here;' and at these words both Dante and sleep fell from Jacobo at once. He sought Piero Giardino, and they set out together for the room. They lifted a blind fixed to the wall and found a little window never before seen by any of them. In its recess they discovered the lost cantos."

The history of the world, from the Bible down to the present date, is full of these instances of communication between those in the Seen and in the Unseen. The Catholic literature is filled with it, and in Siena and Assisi legend and story are invested with local coloring that renders them strangely impressive. The life of Catherine of Siena and of Francis of



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Assisi were apparently full of experiences of simple, natural intercourse with those in the Unseen. There can be no question but that the spiritual man has powers that are far beyond our present knowledge. Dr. Corson has finely said of Jesus that his great mission here was not to infuse an absolutely new element into humanity, but to exhibit and realize to the fullest extent in Himself humanity's spiritual potentialities. The "other world" is not, as Kant has said, "another place, but another view." The continuity of life is unbroken by the change called death, and the expansion of religion includes the growing recognition of relations of spirit which persist beyond the material separation.

Science has undergone an almost complete revolution during the past thirty years. Previous to some time within the last quarter of the nineteenth century, all matter was held to be composed of atoms which were utterly inert and dead. Since then has come the discovery of the electrons that compose it, that are all life and



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vibration and even intelligence; and thus the scientific view of the universe held in the twentieth century differs completely from that held in the nineteenth. We have now an electrical theory of the universe, and it is discovered that all phenomena is the result of the vibration of electrons. We have learned that the range of vibration known to science is infinitely beyond the narrow limit perceptible to the senses, and that there are incalculably infinite realms not only, as yet, unexplored by science, but far beyond any possible cognition of science as known to us at the present time. The perception of the senses may, however, be continually increased, and the psychic perceptions may be increased to a degree so vast that to it no known limit may be set. As any boundary line is approached it recedes, leaving the field of exploration perpetually enlarging itself. This increasing apprehension of the ethereal forces of the ethereal realm which are being so constantly drawn upon to further progress,—these forces that furnish light,



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heat, transit, and motor power for a multitude of appliances,—this apprehension closely corresponds with enlarging spiritual apprehension. These forces provide for us the explanation of much that would otherwise seem phenomenal. Stephen Phillips expresses a truth in the lines:

"I tell you, we are fooled by the eye, the ear:
These organs muffle us from that real world
That lies about us."

The ethereal world is the more real as it is the world of causes, while the physical is the world of effects. To be receptive to this higher range is to bring more power and more purpose to the shaping and development of the present life.

The poet's insight discovers the subtle forces that make for all commercial and industrial progress. In his stately and impressive poem entitled "Midnight, 1900," Stephen Phillips writes:

"And the storèd strength of the tides ye shall use
for your labor,
And bind it to tasks and to toil;
Yet forget not the beauty of night in her coming
and going,



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Forget not the sprinkled vault,
Nor eve with her floating bird and her lonely star,
Nor the reddening clouds of the eve.
Forget not the moon of the poet, nor stars of the dreamer,
Though ye live like to spirits in ease."

For the inner power, however, that shall express itself in outer achievement the poet counsels—

"Let them look to the inward things, to the searching of spirit."

Still further does Mr. Phillips portray the new discoveries and inventions:

"For a man shall set his hand to a handle and wither
Invisible armies and fleets;
And a lonely man with a breath shall exterminate armies,
With a whisper annihilate fleets;
And soul shall speak unto soul: I weary of tongues;
I weary of battle and strife.
Lo! I am the binder and knitter together of spirits;
I dispense with nations and shores.

. . . . . .

I will make me a city of gliding and wide-wayed silence,
With a highway of glass and of gold,
With life of a colored peace and a lucid leisure
Of smooth, electrical ease;



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Of sweet excursions of noiseless and brilliant travel,
With room in your streets for the soul."

Into the forces of the Unseen realm the poet penetrates still further:

"In the years that shall be, ye shall harness the Powers of the ether,
And drive them with reins as a steed.
Ye shall ride as a Power of the air on a Force that is bridled,
On a saddled Element leap,
And rays shall be as your coursers and heat as a carriage,
And waves of the ether your wheels,
And the thunder shall be as a servant, a slave that is ready,
And the lightning as he that waits.
Ye shall send on your business the blast, and the tempest on errands;
Ye shall use, for your need, Eclipse."

The higher extension of sight and hearing are thus foreshadowed:

"In that day shall a man out of uttermost India whisper
And in England his friend shall hear,
And a maiden in English sunshine have sight of her lover,
Who wanders in far Cathay.



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And the dead whom ye loved ye shall walk with,
and speak with the lost.
The delusion of Death shall pass.
The delusion of wounded earth, the apparent withdrawal:
Ye shall shed your bodies and upward flutter to freedom."[1]

The truth that the spiritual and the physical worlds are in absolute correspondence, that, although on different planes, they exist as parallels, is supported by the continual accumulation of evidence gained both through scientific advance and through a deepening knowledge and a wider grasp of spiritual laws. If intercommunion between those here and those in the Unseen is according to the divine laws, it takes its place as one of those essential and sacred relationships that exist between the spiritual man and God; but however interesting or important the question of intercommunication may be, it is forever secondary to the supreme importance of man's relation to the divine world. That is the larger question and

[1] *From "New Poems" by Stephen Phillips, published by John Lane.*



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includes the lesser one. One can live all through his life on earth without sign or token from his beloved in the Unseen if it is so decreed by God, for, at the most, the separation is only a question of time; but he cannot live without perpetual intercourse with the Divine Spirit, without God's leading and love.

Yet, as one of the most vital truths in all experience, how radiant and wonderful is the illumination that enfolds and glorifies life when one who is most dear passes through the portals to that fairer world beyond.

> "There is no death! What seems so is
> transition;
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
> Whose portal we call Death."

One's entire being is lifted up to the thrill of diviner life—even diviner joy—by the transition of the friend most dear to that "life more abundant." The real world is opened to his sight. There is unlocked in his nature new and hitherto undreamed-of stores of sympathy, of comprehension,



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and of the significant values of life. He allies himself anew with the divine forces. He incorporates into daily experience nobler ideals of conduct. Instead of this sacred time being one of isolation and gloom, let Life put Death away in the glorious expansion of new light and love. Let one so live that he may be worthy to companion his beloved in that purer and more lofty life. Through this uplift of soul shall the communion of spirit to spirit establish itself, never to cease, never to know the desolation of separation and loss. It shall be, instead, the increasing perfection of friendship, of love. The one left in the physical realm shall feel, with the poet,—

> "*Now* I can love thee truly,
> For nothing comes between
> The senses and the spirit:
> The Seen and the Unseen."

Entering on the next phase of life is not going into some vague and undreamed-of condition of which those here can form no comprehension, but into a realm of which our own is largely a counterpart,—



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a realm of more real experiences, of more vital significance, and of higher potencies. It may be compared with life here as the life of maturity may be compared with that of childhood: as an *evolutionary*—not *revolutionary*—change; as a deepening of significant consciousness; as a condition where the barriers of space and time are transcended and beautiful conditions focus themselves to encourage and develop aspirations and aims unfulfilled on earth. It is not disaster or darkness: it is all beauty and blessedness and light. Shall one not lift up his heart and share the gladness? Shall he not so enter into the spiritual loveliness of this transition as to give his sympathy in the joy to the friend in this near realm rather than throw on him the weight of his sorrow and despair? For that is certainly the gift one may make, the service he still may render, the happiness he still may contribute to that life dearer than his own,—not to weigh it down with his sorrow, but rather to give his comprehending sympathy in its freedom and more fortunate and joyous



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conditions. Through this spiritual sympathy is the companionship established, and through telepathic communion—the flashes of spirit to spirit—shall there often come definite and recognizable response. Of this next condition of our life Phillips Brooks well said:

"Heaven will not be pure stagnation, not idleness, not any mere luxurious dreaming over the spiritual repose that has been safely and forever won; but active, tireless, earnest work; fresh, live enthusiasm for the high labors which eternity will offer. These vivid inspirations will play through our deep repose, and make it more mighty in the service of God than any feverish and unsatisfied toil of earth has ever been. The sea of glass will be mingled with fire."

The event of death in a household shall draw each one into the more radiant atmosphere. Each shall enter with truer recognition on the life more abundant, for it shall be a period filled with loving service; with the strange sweet sense of a new order of companionship;



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with a power and exhilaration that result from the liberation of undreamed-of stores of energy. The change of condition for the one called away is simply one of evolutionary progress. It has come to him to-day; it waits for another to-morrow. It is not calamity, but opportunity. The period comes as an interlude that may be resplendent in inner beauty, in ennobled aspiration, in illumination revealing the deeper significances of life; and the days may be pervaded by the ineffable loveliness of the Lilies of Eternal Peace.

THE END

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